

Tracy Bonham, Fake It

Headache. The girl she says she's got a headache
What she needs is just a handshake
Squeezing out all of the bad excuses she can make
Mornings. There will be some ugly mornings
But at least I'll know what love means
Love that lets me be as human as can be
I don't have to fake it
I don't have to lead you on
I'm as real as they come
And I don't see how some women put you on
Fakers. With your lipo and your lipstick
You make it easy for a real chick
To see the horror pouring out from your ruby lips
Perfect. I thank god that i'm not perfect
I happen to like all my defects
But my TV don't agree, and I don't give a shit
I won't have to fake it
I won't have to put you on
I'm as real as they come
And I don't see how some women lead you on
I won't have to fake it
I won't have to put you on
And i don't like the way that i'm put on display
For your sorry eyes sorry eyes
Here comes the real one
Here comes the real one
Here comes the real one
Here comes the. . .
Here comes the. . .
I don't have to fake it
I don't have to put you on
I'm as real as they come
And i don't see how some women lead you on
I don't have to fake it
I won't have to lead you on
And I don't understand why would a man
Want a circus clown